CITY CHIT CHAT.

A JOURNAL DEVOTED TO GOSSIP.

"A LITTLE NONSENSE NOW AND THEN IS RELISHED BY THE WISEST MEN."

VOL. I. BELLEVILLE, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4TH, 1879. NO. 8.

THE MELANCHOLY OCEAN.

Oh! the salt Atlantic breezes,
How they sweep reviving through me
How their freshening spirit seized
Soul and sense, to raise, renew me.

Oh! the grand Atlantic surges,
How they march, and mount, and mingle;
How their spray, exulting, scourges
Jutty cliff and sandy dingle!

Talk of melancholy Ocean,—
If thou feelest wane and wither
Every gem of glad emotion,
Come, O Vivian Gray! come hither.

Sit and mark the matchless glory
Of the clouds that overshade us,
Affects of the Eastern story,
Titans such as Keats portrayed us—

Till majestically blending,
Folded on the western billow,
They await their lord's descending,
Strewing his imperial pillow.

Not in youth's intoxication,
Not in manhood's strange successes,
Amidst though drink an inspiration
Such as here the heart confesses.

Here, where joy surrounds thee wholly,
If thy thought a moment listens
To intruding melancholy,
It is born of reminiscence—

Of the old forsaken causes,
Of the higher fame's bereavement,
Of a lifetime of applauses,
Barren, barren of achievement;

Genius in ignoble traces,
Leading ranks whom thou despisest,
Till thy self-willed fate effaces
All that in thy soul thou prizest;

For the prophet's fire and motion,
Ley mark and sneer sardonic—
Be it so,—Majestic Ocean,
Thou art melancholy's tonic.

A HURRIED DINNER.

"Oh, see here, Lizzie, I shan't be home to dinner to-day, there's a lot to do at the office, and I'll not come home."

This speech came from my liege lord, Charley, as he popped his head in at the front door, after he had started to his business.

"All right," said I.

The head popped out again, and I added to myself:

"Mighty glad of it. I wont have any dinner to get, and I will have a good day to work up stairs."

So I cleared away the breakfast, tidied up the rooms, and after that took myself up stairs.

We had not been keeping house very long, and I made it a rule not to let things become soiled by using, but to keep them clean and fresh.

But up stairs there were certain trunks and boxes that needed renovating; some of the summer clothing were to be packed away and the winter wear got out and made ready for use.

I tied a handkerchief over my head to keep out the dust, pulled trunks and boxes out of the closet, and set to work.

I was in the very midst of it, when I heard footsteps at the front door, and directly it opened

It was Charley, I knew, for he had a latch key, and was accustomed to let himself in. I jumped to my feet.

"Charley, and not a sign of dinner!" I exclaimed. "He said he wouldn't come. What can have brought him?"

The sound of voices, as I stood listening, assured me what Charley had brought. We [illegible] plight.

Charley came running up stairs with his face in a glow.

"Why, why, little woman, what all this? I couldn't find you anywhere down stairs. Isn't it dinner time?"

"Yes, Charley, but you said you were not coming home, and I didn't want anything for myself."

"Well, I—I wasn't. But who do you think I met?"

"I don't know, I'm sure."

"It was Liston and his wife. They were on their way to a hotel, but of course I wouldn't let them. I just brought 'em home with me to dinner."

I have no doubt there was a spice of irony to the tone in which I answered calmly:

"Yes, I see you did. Well, I hope you also remembered to stop at the butcher's, and send in something for them to eat."

"Well, I declare, little woman, I forgot the butcher. But, I daresay you can scare up something. Only hurry, for they're only an hour or so to spare. They're off again this evening."

I knew it was of no use to say to a man, "Why didn't you send me word?" It wouldn't teach him to send it next time. So I only said:

"Well, go down and entertain them, and I'll come as soon as I can change my dress."

Charley obeyed, and I hurriedly dressed, not in the pleasantest mood.

They were old friends of Charley's, and I had looked forward to meeting them with pleasure, but I knew Mrs. Liston was quoted as the very pattern of all pattern housekeepers, never flustered or put out by anything.

I knew, too, that she had means and servants at her command, while I had neither, and dreaded to receive her in such a manner, more than I could tell, but as many a suffering sister will readily comprehend.

What with my hasty dressing, I knew my cheeks were flushed, and my hair tumbled. But it was too late to wait, so I ran down, and stood fire during the introductions as well as I could, quite conscious that instead of appearing my best I was appearing my worst, as even Charley could see.

As soon as possible I excused myself, saying, by way of apology, that I was not expecting Charley, and must prepare dinner in haste.

"Pray, don't put yourself to any trouble," said Mrs. Liston, politely.

"It is no trouble, at all," I as politely replied, feeling as I went to the kitchen, that that small speech was at least a fib, for I was almost at my wit's end to know what to do.

A happy thought struck me! Oysters!

[illegible] thought of, but most people were very fond of oysters. I knew Charley was, and I could prepare them well.

They were to be had opposite, and I was not long in getting them either.

I bethought myself of half a cake which I luckily had. That nicely iced, in my silver cake basket, would answer for desert, with some apples which I bought with the oysters.

Really, I should not do so badly, an impromptu moment.

My spirits rose as I set [illegible] chrysanthemums, and with [illegible] and silver I possessed, so that it looked very neat and pretty.

That, at least, Mrs. Liston could not find any fault with, even if she will be disposed to do so.

PAT

Charley had said hurry, and time again did. As speedily as possible from [illegible] everything ready on the table, hungry

desert arranged on a shelf by the open pantry window, so that I could put it on at once.

Tired, flushed, nervous and doing my best not to look cross, I went to the parlor, where they were chatting gayly and announced dinner.

Then that awkward Charley must put his foot into it, man-fashioned, by saying:

"My little wife is a famous cook, I hope you have a good appetite."

"Indeed I have. Travelling always makes me hungry," replied Mr. Liston, rising.

I made some laughing reply, and led the way to my little dinner.

"Ah, oysters!—my favorites," said Mr. Liston.

I was glad to hear that, but my heart sank when Mrs. Liston declined to take any, saying she never ate them.

"I am sorry," I said, flushing. "But I will poach [illegible] eggs."

"By no means," she said, pleasantly. "I shall do very well with one of the rolls and a cup of coffee."

And when I insisted, she was obliged to say that she never ate eggs.

I was at a loss what to propose then, so I ceased to press the matter. Meanwhile I had poured the coffee.

I handed the cups, but I [illegible] the aromo which reached [illegible] heatly [illegible] good. I had made it [illegible]

I was speci[illegible] I prided my[illegible]

"I won't [illegible] proudly.

But [illegible] wh[illegible]

With frantic haste I dashed her off and rescued what she had left.

Only six thin little slices. They looked so forlorn in the large basket that I would not put them on in that way.

I consigned them to a small glass dish and, without a word of apology, put them upon the table; for my blood was up now, and I vowed I would apologize no more.

The apples were nice, and we finished on them as well as we could.

For my sake Charley tried to appear very gay, but I saw he was deeply mortified, and I did not pity him half as much as I might.

I think I was quite excusable when I said to him, after that dreadful dinner was over and our guests were gone:

"Charley, if you ever bring company again without letting me know first, I'll never forgive you. And I'll order dinner from the nearest restaurant, and leave you the bill to pay."

But that stupid Charley "can't see why it need worry me."

CITY CHIT CHAT

BELLEVILLE, OCTOBER 4th.

REV. Mr. Burton sent in his resig- [illegible] of the Jos. Street Presbyterian Church to the Presbytery, The [illegible] met at Kingston on Tuesday, and an [illegible] accepted, and Mr. Burton will be comp[illegible] charge of the services for the last time [illegible] as its pastor next Sunday. He [illegible] to Toronto to occupy the pulpit that [illegible] N. St. Congregational Church. [illegible] here was most successful, [illegible] many strong friends to [illegible] ture. We wish him [illegible]

[illegible] comes [illegible] Lake. [illegible] back- [illegible] ses in [illegible] ents [illegible]

Napanee Notes.

THE brush factory has to be enlarged the demand for brushes being so great.

REV. Mr. Young has been recalled by his congregation. They intend erecting a manse on the church grounds.

A GREAT want has been supplied by Mr. Daniel Davy in starting a first-class restaurant. Dan is well known and will receive all the custom of the town.

POTTER DAVIS has accepted a situation in Cleveland, and is about leaving us. Potter will be missed among our base-ball fraternity. He has held the position of Captain of the Silver Leaf's since its organization about ten years ago. May he never loose his base.

THE *Express* says:—"The Lennox County Fair on Tuesday and Wednesday next, October 7th and 8th, promises to be very successful. We are requested to announce that persons desirous of becoming members of the Society will be allowed the privilege of joining up to the first day of the fair. The Secretary, Mayor James, assures us of an unusually large exhibit."

Picton Notes.

BOYS bring back that awning or you will get *White watched*.

THE Railroad commences running regular trips Wednesday.

JOHNSTON practices every night. He has got sculling down pretty fine.

HARRY and Jim arrived home safe after their visit to the Marquis at Ottawa.

The Fair was very poor this year. Interest seems to have died out in direction.

The Annual Fair B[illegible] was [illegible]tended by the fair sex, and was a financial success.

TOM T. if you do not stop going to *Cat Lane*, Fitz and the boys are going to run you.

COOL BURGESS has gone to board at the Globe. He likes it, and says [illegible]y is a good landlord.

[illegible]Y Heffron is going to have a [illegible] time next week. Boys look [illegible] swell event of the season.

[illegible] Jim was up to Belleville [illegible] Princess Louisa. He [illegible] a circumstance to his [illegible]

[illegible] we are glad to see you [illegible] out again. Keep away from [illegible]aughty, naughty boys, and you [illegible] sure to succeed.

[illegible] went out to Milford a short [illegible]o. He ate all the lemon pie [illegible]eorge. He is as bad as the [illegible]man from Milford.

CHARLEY M. was on his taps on Tuesday night. After laying his clothes carefully in bed, he hung himself on the bedpost for the balance of the night.

THE bars were closed last Saturday night for the first. We thought as soon as the CHIT CHAT went there it would accomplish what the Duncan failed to do.

J. R., from Delhi, went to Wellington on the excursion train. He got off to speak to some ladies, and had to walk home. He arrived about two o'clock in the morning.

MALCOLM says open the door pet, there is no one here but Charley and I, no Sandy Hookers. And then he gave the war dance in his sock feet. She didn't open the door.

STIFFEY M. says if his knees did not strike together when he was marching that [illegible]ld wake the dead with his trombone. Stiffey you will have to draw it mild for there is no music in it.

ONE of the representatives of the CHIT CHAT will be in Picton in the course of two weeks. Any one desirous of becoming a correspondent will please communicate with us to Belleville, and they will be seen at that time.

JACK S. has quit the claronet, and taken up an alto. He thinks his lungs are st[illegible]ger, and that his wind is longer s[illegible]nce he let the down creep over his uppe[illegible] lip. It is most amusing to watch h[illegible]m market days trying to flirt with the[illegible] country girls.

Madoc Notes.

THE [illegible]ld Belleville citizen Jas. J. who is [illegible]ow in this the most enchanting *city* [illegible] is getting along well with his study o[illegible]e culinary art.

THE [illegible]arquis of Lorne, from Belle- [illegible] caught that terrible disease which [illegible]ll Madockers are subject to. Report says that he is going to increase [illegible]is family.

Warkworth Notes.

OLD [illegible]oe is as dry as ever.

OTT[illegible] Gus a cigar and see if he would [illegible]false. "No, never."

DAV[illegible] has at last decided to make life *free* and easy. We wish him every success and happiness. John next.

DRU[illegible]s, you had better let up there now. [illegible]ring that business to a close, as you [illegible]ave been going long enough for one [illegible]an.

We [illegible] very sorry for that young baker that got the answer "No," at the Church door, "but I don't know as it makes any difference."

HENRY, if you do not discontinue those sly calls at the White House you will get a pill that will be worse than the Cobourg affair. Look sharp.

T. S. B., of Hypodrille Street has decided to let nature take its course. He swears that he will not be troubled with the sour throat this winter.

DAN, you want to make less noise coming down those stairs attached to the bakery. You disturb the neighbors of their rest. Take things a little easier in the future.

MR. O. is retiring from the cabinet business, and has kindly consented to canvass for the library. He intends to scrape the country. Make it warm for the librarian.

THAT young school teacher who makes use of slang (in a sly way) on the street in front of his father's shop door, is not so sharp as he thinks he is, as he is known. Why shouldn't his apple-cut in the country the other evening be a success, when they had three rows of pint bottles around one stump.

OUR assistant P. M. had better watch his little business across the road as Henry has a great notion for fancy goods, and will hold his own if it takes the Californian gold to do it. He pretends to be a man of few words, and heavy on the sing (such as it is.)

THIS morning, hearing a noise in the store lately occupied by John O'Neil, next to Yeoman's Drug Store, we communicated with a policeman, and together we went and forced an entrance, and what was our surprise to see our old friend Stewart hanging up shoes and arranging the shop to open to-day. We explained matters and left in time to escape a swiftly passing boot. He has opened up a fine stock.

THAT young man who had his ears frozen last winter, has at last concluded that "Mamma don't allow her to go with fellows," but he still clings to this life, although the silk handkerchief was hardly large enough to wipe away the tears. It takes money from the savings bank, all amounts, to buy jewellry, and then, when it acts so bad, the money is as good as wasted. Take some good advice and invest in a cane to help your weary soul up the stairs for it is visible to almost every eye that you are growing very weak.

TRAVELLERS' GUIDE.

GOING WEST.

Local	4:00 a. m.
No. 4 Express	6:42 a. m.
Mixed	9:15 a. m.
No. 2 Express	6:15 p. m.

GOING EAST.

No. 1 Express	12:08 p. m.
Mixed	7:15 p. m.
No. 3 Express	12:40 p. m.

CITY CHIT CHAT.

IS issued every Saturday morning, and sold by newsboys at 2c. per copy; mailed free for 75c. per annum.

Local notices inserted at 5c. per line.

Also for sale at the stationery stores of

R. VAN NORMAN,
J. C. REYNOLDS,
M. O. DEMPSEY.

DEAR MAC.

Who soothed her on his gentle breast,
And sat upon the wall to rest,
And did a thousand times caress,
Dear Mac.

Who ran to meet her when she came,
And kissed her o'er and o'er again,
Until she screached and yelled with pain,
Dear Mac.

Who clasped her to his throbbing heart,
And said we'll never, never part,
Of "Kel" we'll surely get the start,
Dear Mac.

Who wrote these verses you will say,
You bet your boots they'll get their pay,
"But never mind you'll know some day
When we are gone far, far away,"
Dear Mac.

CITY CHIT CHAT.

BELLEVILLE, OCTOBER 4th.

FOOD FOR MORE THRASHING.

WHO threw the hickory nut?

"YOU'RE right it was the C(n)AT."

POLLUS did the decent with the "twelve."

WATKIN shipped eight cars of cheese this week.

"TERRIBLE is the aspect" of Bob Wesley's eye.

HALF dashes are getting very prevelent at the St. George's.

THE professionals say that the amateurs are killing the trade.

B. HAS got a new fit-out, and he doesn't think himself the *Doss*.

OUR old friend Jake has shut up, and gone into winter quarters.

ALL wives will do well to examine their husband's pockets this week.

A MOST cowardly assault was mad on Daniel Sutherland on Tuesday evening.

MR. Skinner was in town on a visit yesterday. He is practicing in Stirling.

GILLEN & Keith have put a new complexion onto the front of their store.

OUR old friend Bill Mott passed through the city. He is as humorous as usual.

THAT Hughie was doing the grand Sunday, with a cane to match his corpulancy.

A GREAT controversay is going on in Great Britain, in reference to Sunday amusements.

THE "pea soups" are pretty thick around Magic, of the Magic Tower, on Moira Street.

MAC. was noticed the other evening manipulating the sidewalk with an infant's vehicle.

FIGLEY Wigley is so particular that he had to 'lay off' half-a-day to select a pair of boots.

J. B. wants to give his optics a rest, for Carrie's pa was real angry last Sunday evening.

WHAT were those young ladies walking up and down Pinnacle Street on Thursday evening for?

PERSONAL.—Mr. William Jenkins has returned to the city after a protracted Provincial *tower*.

OLD John, that nice young lady at Halloway Street Church wants to see you to-morrow evening.

A CERTAIN young married blacksmith, who lives on Turnbull Street, has got himself in a box.

MAT, that girl of yours says that if you want her to go for a drive you must limber up that old gray.

LOOK out Dick or we will tell your wife. We saw you going home with that young lady Sunday night.

SOME Highland Princes have turned up under disguise. You will know them by the fresh Scotch caps.

JIM Christmastree says he doesn't care for a *chuck* across the neck, but to get a "lilt" is a *Lucky* thing.

WE have received several communications, but seeing nothing, or else too much in them, we had to decline.

THE Hunt Club got three hounds from the Montreal pack Thursday. They myust [illegible]

MR. S. A. Moore has made a g[illegible] improvement in his premises by [illegible] erection of an ornamental iron fenc[illegible]

CUBULO George is building an a[illegible] tion to his house. He is expecting [illegible] be "one thousand dollars richer" so [illegible]

"DE los' I had." "What did [illegible] loose?" "I say if I had '*De los*' [illegible] loved once I now would be hap[illegible] Poor thing!

IT ain't often done but it happe[illegible] Wednesday. The citizens beat [illegible] city officials, generally the city offic[illegible] beat the citizens.

THEY had a "hop" in the lower pa[illegible] of the city last Wednesday evenin[illegible] There were four ladies and thirty-eig[illegible] gentlemen present.

ONE of our well-known Insura[illegible] agents was decently bounced by [illegible] better half, The cause of the act[illegible] said to be a *Miss-tery*.

PATSEY CONNERS, the great Auri[illegible] has returned to the city. Be care[illegible] boys and don't decend to that slang [illegible] pression, "Bite my ear."

THE Belleville Lacrosse Club ha[illegible] challenged the Belleville Cricket Cl[illegible] to play a game on Monday. [illegible] lacrosse men to 11 cricketers.

A BIG walking match will come off [illegible] the course of a couple of weeks. Gre[illegible] est distance in ten hours, fair heal a[illegible] toe, open to any Bellevillian.

FISH's seventy five cent shirts are being rushed off at a tremendous rate. If you want one an opportunity is offered till the end of the week.

Two Watson's from Tyendinaga tried hard to damage one of the Street Cars, but were not very successful. It is a very serious case if prosecuted.

THE hastening shades
Proclaim the coming Fall,
And—and

JIM, hang up that white hat.

MR. ——— will save himself considerable expense and trouble if he would put an end to that miserable little cur that he keeps around his house.

THAT carriage blacksmith apprentice had better not start such a *bawling* again. The other hands say they won't have such *bellair*-ing around the shop.

IF I was that girl in the grove I would either tell my fellow not to put so much butter on his hair, or else I would wear a napkin on my shoulder. Phil take note.

The most popular bait for fishing is *Taffy*. We remember when we were boys we used to use bread to catch *Chub*, but it appears that *Paffy* is more enticing.

FRANK, *may be* you didn't believe us when we gave you notice last year and [illegible] time to leave city and don't flatter yourself that it was mean't for anyone else.

MONDAY evening was the last of the agreeable entertainments that the young people of John Street Church will have an opportunity of enjoying at Mr. Burton's house.

MESSRS. Muir & Lawrence had a very successful opening. Our space is large enough for any descriptions.

A happy thought [illegible] Oyster!

[illegible] thought of, but most people were very fond of oysters. I knew Charley w[illegible] and I could prepare them well.

They were to be had opposite, and [illegible] was not long in getting them either.

I bethought myself of half a cake which I luckily had. That nicely dressed, in my silver cake basket, would answer for desert, with some apples which I bought with the oysters.

Really, I should not do so badly [illegible] an impromptu moment.

My spirits rose as I set th[illegible] having it with a [illegible] chrysanthemums, and with w[illegible] and silver I possessed, so that it loo[illegible] very neat and pretty.

That, at least, Mrs. Liston co[illegible] find any fault with, even if s[illegible] will be disposed to do so. PAT

Charley had said hurry, and [illegible] time ag did. As speedily as possib[illegible] from [illegible] everything ready on the tab[illegible] hungry call for them.

YESTERDAY, thinking that we would enjoy some sausage for breakfast this morning, and having read how dogs and cats, and all such, were made up, we proceeded quietly to the factory of Mr. Lewis Howse, to investigate. We had a splendid chance as there was a machine inside that made a terrible racket. We first peeped in at the window. Then we opened the door a little ways, and then we went in and were *perfectly horrified* at not seeing any small bones that might belong to a dog or small animal around. But, instead, we saw a couple of boys cutting up beef and pork. We watched the whole process, and when the sausages were served up this morning, we didn't act as if we were a bit afraid of the savory morsels.

BYRON remarked, "'Tis a sad thing, and all the fault of that indecent sun." Well, possibly so. Still, love for the "root of all evil," more likely predominated with the woman of this city who recently "preferred privately interviewing" a wealthy artist at his apartments, which—like all portrait painters we read of, are situated nearest the light of stars, in an extreme northwestern angle of our model Windsor. Such an interview we would have gladly left unnoticed had not the enevitable awful threatenings. The [illegible] painter's embarassment has somewhat subsided since adopting Abel's brother, which we believe he has done partly in self-defence, and ostensibly to steady his goings.

ERATTA. We made a mistake in s[illegible] ing that the young Knight of Crispin had taken a wife unt[illegible] But the affair did come o[illegible] day. The ceremony too[illegible] [illegible] nearly as goo[illegible] I had made it t[illegible]

I was speci[illegible] I prided mys[illegible]

"I won't [illegible] proudly.

But [illegible] wh[illegible]

"THE WORLD" BALLADS.

HOW THE COMIC OPERA OF "APRONSTRING" RAN A THOUSAND NIGHTS.

I.

Twas a theatric manager
That intimately knew
The ropes, and that was up to snuff
And to a thing or two.
"What," quoth he to himself, "shall I
To make my fortune do?
I've noticed," said the manager,
"That the best plays on the list
Began as utter failures and
Were most ignobly hissed.
The greatest actors that there be,
Reports familiar say,
At first were only sticks, and some
Remain so to this day.
Naughts's so successful as success:
The man who oft will slight
An opera or tragedy
Upon the opening night,
To pay ten dollars for a seat
At the hundredth time will fight
The public—by which I would say
The folks ta'en in a mass
That goes to theatres—is vi
Ex termini as ass.
It makes no difference what the play
Or what the cast may be,
So soon as it has run long enough
The world will crowd to see."

II.

He bought a comic opera,
And called it "Apronstring;"
Of all funeral literature
It was the dreariest thing.
The man who the libretto wrote,
[illegible]natic uncured
Here drivelled lambent idiocy
And there howled madness idiocy.
The music was from Sullivan,
Conveyed and Offenbach,
With suggestions of "Sweet By and By,"
And an ancestral Clock.
The company was in the cast,
Was very poor—in fact
Only one man in it could sing,
And that man couldn't act,
And [illegible]les and gags that they got off
Th[illegible] the soul with awe—
They [illegible]atefui to the ear
As [illegible]aw.

Till they did brown autumn bring,
That manager's company every night
Appeared in "Apronstring,"
Week after week no stranger's foot
Profaned the entrance door;
The treasurer and doorkeeper
All night would nod and snore;
But still the salaries were paid,
And plain in black and white
The posters said, "To-night, 'Apronstring,'
And Each Succeeding Night."
And weekly in the papers might
One read the item meek:
"At the Mansoleum 'Apronstring'
Will be played another week."

V.

Thus things had gone three months and more,
When o'er the threshold mute
So long the dozing treasures heard
The tread of a stranger's foot.
In at the thickly cobwebbed pane
The stranger bold did look:
The dust it was three inches thick
On diagram and book.
"Give me," said he, "seats two or three,
The money here I bring—
For the hundredth night of your opera,
Even of 'Apronstring.'"
The startled treasurer took the cash
And marvelled much thereat,
And thought the stranger's friends should get
A commission de lunat.
But that was none of his affairs,
So he 'gan to doze once more,
When suddenly in the street without
He heard a frightful roar,
And a wild surging multitude
In at the doors did pour.
And aloft they waved their good greenbacks,
And yelled like everything,
"We want tickets for the hundredth night,
Of the opera 'Apronstring.'"
And the weaker were trodden underfoot,
And the strong did bellow and fight—
All Gotham town was bound to have
Tickets for the hundredth night!

VI.

On the hundredth night of "Apronstring,"
With the wrecks of "Apronstring" companies
That have "bust" upon the road.

VII.

Naught's so successful as success,
And the man who oft will slight
A tragedy or opera
Upon the opening night,
To pay ten dollars for a seat
At the hundredth time will fight.

"No, my dear," said a mother to her daughter, who had been taking a nap before dressing for an evening party, "you needn't rearrange your hair. You couldn't make it look any rougher if you tried."

"Boy!" cried out Brown to the waiter at Sam's. "Don't call me boy, Sir; I'm no boy, Sir," said the latter. "Then do as you'd be done by," put in Brown, "and don't call this mutton lamb any more."

A traveller being at a coffee-house with some gentlemen, was largely calling on the credulity of the company. "Where did you say all these wonders happened, Sir?" asked a gentleman present. "I can't exactly say," replied the traveller; but somewhere in Europe—Russia, I think. "I should rather think It-a-ly," returned the other.

"DOT'S MY POY."

(A Dutch [illegible]ong, respectfully dedicated to aspiri[illegible] Dutch Comedians, by Joe H. Banks.)

You vonde[illegible] vy I vos so habby,
Listen un[illegible]'ll sung you somedings
Vot you d[illegible]'t vos heard aboud.
I tole you [illegible]ight avay quick oud
My vife's [illegible]t a leedle shnoozer—
Crows yu[illegible] like a high-shang roosder,
Head so b[illegible]re as a groget pall,
Un his kn[illegible]es is cross-eyed too;
Dot's vy [illegible] vos so habby, un' I sing un' da[illegible]e mit joy;
I've chri[illegible]ed him Kaiser Villiam Bismarck [illegible]ner—
[illegible] Dot's my poy.

[illegible]—Dot's de finest poy vot [illegible] see—if you vos plind—he [illegible] everyding he "sees," an' [illegible]veryding he "fancies;" he's a [illegible]hild, always invending, un [illegible]perimends; dipped the cat's [illegible]oal oil to see how "fur" it [illegible]ant id: it vouldn't stant it [illegible]d; do cat vasn't "insured;" [illegible]d on "Purr-Puss;" you'd be [illegible]ed ef you saw him.

[illegible]op of my umperella,
[illegible]flops" an' preak his shmeller,
[illegible]sthairs up in der garret,
[illegible]ye out of der parrot,
[illegible]kings all in knots,
[illegible]ons un' prake der klocks,
[illegible]ins, tacks, un' carpet-sacks.
[illegible]u—dot's my poy,
[illegible] see him fight der poys,
[illegible] dot veighs his size.
[illegible]is fadder and his mudder,
[illegible] on his leedle prother;
[illegible] he'll join der gang,
Chaw "fine cud" und dalk der selang.
Make no mistook, ven he grows up,
He'll make 'em all 'sthand back.
Dot's vy I vos so habby, un' I sing un' dance mit joy;
I've christened him "Kaiser Villiam Bismarck Sneider"—
Dot's my poy.

SROKEN.—It ain't no use to shastise dot poy; vy, I licked him so bad last veek dot I had to keed raw peef on my eye for dree hours, den he puts his nose to his fingers un' says "he don't care vedder de schoolhouse goes oud or not." Vell, I don't care so long as he don't

Chaw de top of my umperella,
Turn flip-flops un' preak his shmeller,
Glimb der sthairs up in der garret,
Gouge de eye out of der parrot,
Tie de stockings all in knots,
Kick spidoons un' prake der klocks,
Chew hairpins, tacks, un carpet sacks,
You bed you—dot's my poy.

FROM EAR TO EAR.

The way to treat a man of doubtful credit is to take no note of him.

A lady in Syracuse is said to rest her head on a grammar while sleeping, in order that she may dream correctly.

Laziness is a good deal like money, the more a man has of it, the more he wants.

An Iowa paper tells of a smart wife that helped her husband to raise seventy acres of wheat. The way she helped him was to stand in the door and shake a broom at him when he sat down to rest!

A poor fellow was brought before one of the police justices recently charged with being intoxicated. "Well, why did you get drunk?" "See here," was the reply, uttered in a hiccough and accent of a drunken man; "what did you give license for?"

A "backward spring" is produced by presenting a red-hot poker to a man's nose.

"Then I'll bring a suit for my bill!" said an enraged tailor to a dandy who refused to pay him. "Do, my dear fellow," replied the imperturbable swell, pointing to his threadbare clothes; that is just what I want."

A grand jury ignored a bill against a negro charged with stealing. Before the judge discharged him from custody he called up the accused and said to him, "You can go now, John; but let me warn you never to appear here again." John replied, with a broad grin, "I wouldn't been here dis time only de constable fetch me."

A journal asks, What is the difference between a soldier and a fashionable young lady? and replies: One faces the powder, and the othe powders the face.

CITY CHIT CHAT.

A JOURNAL DEVOTED TO GOSSIP.

"A LITTLE NONSENSE NOW AND THEN IS RELISHED BY THE WISEST MEN."

VOL. I. BELLEVILLE, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11TH, 1879. NO. 9.

WRIT IN THE SAND.

'Twas a story of old-time magic,
That wove itself in rhyme,
While the surf was making the music,
And the breakers beat the time.

We looked at the gleaming planets,
And wondered at Mars' new moon;
We sat on the beach o' mornings,
And walked in the afternoons.

I clasped your tender fingers,
And breathed in your tiny ear
Soft words the occasion called for,
And you—well, you smiled to hear.

And—I won't be very certain,
But I think you made a reply
That I heard as part of the music—
I think of it now with a sigh.

We were both of us very careless,
We didn't remember the tide;
We sat till the rush of the water
Came up to our very side.

I had written a loving sentence
With a piece of a broken shell
On the sand as I lay beside you—
You smiled as you marked it well.

I wonder whether you're sorry—
I wonder what you say
To yourself when you remember
The wave that washed it away.

NELLIE ROY.

Miss Violette Vastine lifted her pretty face—just now clouded with disappointment, but withal a very pretty combination of regular features, good complexion and brilliant hair and eyes.

"Isn't it too bad, Miss Elder? The little French girl I had engaged to sing the contralto has just sent me word that she has an attack of diphtheria, and Percy St Aubyn isn't coming."

Miss Elder could see the tears of vexation just ready to drop.

"Really that is an annoying combination of circumstances. Can't you replace the singer? Nellie Roy would be so thankful of the opportunity to earn the money, and she really has a lovely alto voice—in my opinion far excelling Miss Fayette's."

And she drove off on her little errand of charity, leaving Violette undecided whether to rejoice or regret at the prospect.

. . . . . .

"If you think I had better, mamma?"

Mrs. Roy and Miss Elder both looked at Nellie's flushed, sweet face, as the girl appealed to her mother, almost wistfully.

"It must be just as you please, dear."

Nellie turned her face away for one minute, and then she crested her head almost defiantly.

"Of course I'll go, Miss Elder, and thank you ever so much for your kindness. And what shall I wear, Miss Elder? White tulle over white satin, and pearls, or black silk and velvet and diamonds?

And she laughed gayly, but not in the least hiding from Miss Elder the bitter sarcasm she was really feeling.

Miss Elder gently interrupted her.

"There will be no difficulty about that, Nellie. You are more than welcome to a lovely white grenadine I never have worn, and with a few flowers"—

"Indeed, I shall do very well, Miss Elder. I have a dress saved from the wreck, one of mamma's silks, the sweetest ay one, that I've been so often tempted to sell. And there are several of my white carnations out; so, altogether, I shall look—oh, royal!"

Only, somehow—the other, it made Miss Elder's heart break to hear the girl's brave cheeriness.

But she did look "royal" when she stood on the elegant little Brussels carpeted stage that had been erected at the end of Miss Vastine's suit of double drawing rooms—royal as even a princess looked.

And every one of that be-diamoned aristocratic audience held their breath while the slender, silvery-robed girl, with the passionful dark eyes, sung her song, making such a flood of melody that the very canaries in their cages ceased their own rippling trills.

And Violette Vastine knew from the enthusiastic encores that would not be silenced, that the success of her opening "evening" was a grandly assured fact, all through Nellie Roy.

And she did not know, at the very instant, when she sat slowly flirting her elegant feathered fan, and listening to the entrancing sweetness of Nellie Roy's voice, that just inside the door, beyond which he was unable to proceed, in consequence of the lateness of his unexpected arrival, Percy St. Aubyn was standing, drinking in every sound the girl made, and watching her with his eager eyes, until, in the very act of bowing her final adieu, Nellie caught sight of him.

She did not falter then, but outside the room, when she stood alone in the little enclosed side portico that had been improvised into a retiring room between times for Miss Vastine's "hired performers," she sung, quivering from head to foot, into the one ch ir, the hot tears springing to her eyes, great thrills of anguishful memory scathing and buffeting her.

And right in the midst of it all, when just the other side of the stage she could hear the laugher and applause attending the comicalities of Professor Patrizio, the humorous contributor to the entertainment, Percy St. Aubyn walked in.

"Nellie, found at last!"

He called her name eagerly and she sprang from the chair, her eyes flashing through the tears, her head whirling, [illegible]

"How dare you speak to me? Leave this room, or I shall, this minute! How dare you stand there and look at me and speak my name?"

And then, before St. Aubyn could prove his lips or prevent her quick motion, she had darted past him, catching up her wraps, and was gone from out Miss Vastine's house.

A few minutes later Miss Elder came to find her, with a message from Miss Vastine—"the ladies and gentlemen were waiting; was she ready?"

And the next day there came another message to her, accompanied by the money she had earned at the expense of so much misery; for with the sight of Percy St. Aubyn's face, in its smiling exultation over her humiliation—or, at least, what seemed to Nellie his exultation and her humiliation—had come the keenest misery her young life had ever known, even keener in its smarting pain than that she suffered once upon a time, not so very far back, when Percy St. Aubyn had left her without a word to face the misfortune that had come upon her.

An hour after Miss Vastine's money had gone to pay the grocer's bill, Mr. Percy St. Aubyn walked into the little parlor where Nellie sat at her sewing, from which she could not possibly make a retreat.

He went in without knocking, and strode down the room to where she sat.

"Nellie!"

She rose from her chair, white with the pain and anger of the shock of his sudden presence.

"Mr. St. Aubyn!"

Despite her flashing eyes and appalling frigid displeasure he extended his hand.

"Nellie, you shall not silence me I have something to say"——

She interrupted him hotly:

"You have nothing to say to me, now or ever!"

She had withdrawn herself several steps further from where he stood and was returning his look with one of cold indignation.

"But I tell you I have something to say to you, and you shall hear me say it. Do you think I have found you, after these wretched months only to let you escape me again and condemn me unheard?"

His words were emphasized with passionate intensity. But she answered coldly, indifferently, as before:

"If you wish to speak, speak."

"I do wish to speak, to demand why, when I thought you last night, after the long, long parting between us, you flew from me as if I contaminated you? Nellie, if you knew the search I had made for you"—

A fluttering color drifted into her cheeks and she suddenly dropped her lovely head towards him in a piteous, bewildered way.

"I am afraid I don't understand you. You searched"——

He stepped up beside her and suddenly captured her, drawing her head to his breast, and kissing her quivering lips.

"Oh, Nellie, my darling. No, you shall not get away from me! No, Nellie, you may struggle all you please, but you shall never leave my arms until you tell me you are my sweet, promised wife. First, kiss me."

She had always loved him; she would never love any one else, so what could she do but just what she did—give way to the flood of tears that would not be restrained, and tell him all that was in her heart, and promise him whatever he demanded?

And Miss Violette Vastine can

never forgive herself or Miss Elder for having Nellie Roy take Mlle. Fayette's place, and for all she cried herself ill with disappointment and vexation, when she heard of Miss Roy's engagment, she never dare show her jealous spite, when not very much later she was a guest bidden to Percy St. Aubyn's wedding, at which the little Fayette sang her sweetest for a price that was extravagantly munificent.

"We will make her as happy as we can," Mr. St. Aubyn said tenderly, just before he and his fair bride went down into their elegant parlors, "because I really feel that in a sort of measure I owe a great deal of happiness to her. And you are happy, my wife?"

While no man could have asked a more satisfactory answer than the look of passionful adoration she gave him as she raised her lips to him to be kissed.

DEFENCE OF THE CAMP AGAINST RIOTS.

There was a sound of deviltry by night,
And Hastings Capitol had gather'd then
Six Companies of her Infantry, and bright
The tallow candles shone on drunken men;
Two hundred heads beat noiselessly; but when
Massassaga shook with the music's swell
Red eyes looked round at eyes as red again,
And all were noisy and began to yell;
But hush! hark! a deep bass voice is heard amid that yell.

II.

Hear ye not hear it? No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the night watchmen on the stoney 'beat';
Pour out the rum! Keep it not thus confined;
No sleep till morn, when SWELLS and PRIVATES meet,
To drain the flowing bowl at every treat—
But hark!—that same deep voice breaks in once more,
As if the woods its echo would repeat,
And louder, clearer, heavier than before!
Lights out! it is—it is—the Colonel's deafening roar.

III.

Within a corner tent—of tents the STAR—
Lay———, Captain PRO TEM; he did hear
That sound the LAST..for he had missed a bar(r),
And, hence, music to him had lost all cheer.
But when all ran as 'twere to see a fight,
His ear, you bet, did know that voice too well,
Which, quell'd the din, and put the boys to flight;
Thinking, with others, it was not a sell,
He rushed out of his tent, and, headlong stumbling, fell.

IV.

Ah! then and there was shouting from the 'spies,'
"Turn out, brave guards"—"Arrest that noisy crew."
But ah! poor guards! 'twas vain for them to rise,
For AU-DE-VIE had they—both old and new,
Which powerless made their limbs and bodies, too.
Great was the riot! but ere break of day,
Forth from the woods they came, here two, there one,
The Colonel took his sword and belt away.
But what of that? We all must have our fun.

CITY CHIT CHAT

BELLEVILLE, OCTOBER 11th

NEXT week we intend cutting out all Picton news, and devoting the space thus saved to city matter.

WE want a boy to learn Press-work About 15 or 16 years of age.

Picton Notes.

'TIS too bad Clouck has cut Hooki out on that little affair around by the Cos.

TOMMY W. you had better stay away from Boiler Avenue, or Stewart will set his man-trap.

HEWEY C., you had better quit going to the pottery, or Lazier will give you a leather factory.

ARON Haylock says if George W. had cleats nailed on his shins he would make a good ladder.

FITZ and the boys had better not run Tom T. too much, as Tom has a good many friends.

BENNY W., the belle of the ball, you must quit associating with C. N. C. or you will get into trouble.

"CROOKIE" must not treat the girls so much in the back shop after hours. The boys are getting furious.

DANIEL L. Plumpton, you had better quit music, and go to work. A hard winter is ahead.—A friend.

R. A. N., you had better draw your lines close, and stay away from the high shore oe you will get bounced.

How does Chappy feel after his equestrian ride on Jim's one-horse affair. Chappy had better stick to building punts.

SAMUEL H., you and Tommy will have to quit running around with game roosters under your arm, as it is against the law.

ELGIN H, the Star Baker, went to the sand banks some time ago, and introduced himself and comrades as Star Bakers from Picton.

ARCHY Row you had better keep out of Sandy lane or Billy Buck's black dog will releive you of a portion of your trousers again.

PROF. G. B., leading wind jammer of the 16th Bat. Band, you had better quit your moonlight walks, or your wife will comb your hair.

RUBEN G., when you go visiting try and conduct yourself, so the ladies will not be obliged to send you home with a piece of bread and butter.

"MA makes me go to church. I stuck a pin in the seat she sat down on. I got thrashed when I got home, but I don't have to go to church any more.

Madoc Notes.

JOHN J. is very anxious to get a couple of more jobs out here. John is shrewd and intelligent, but he will require it all to steer through his present course. Being a married man he should not escort fascinating widows to church in the gallant manner he did last Sunday night. Stay in Belleville John, where you belong.

HAVING a kindly feeling for Samuel J., we seriously advise him not to be sporting around that young lady at his boarding-house too much. Across the road poor Minnie, who has reason to be jealous, is meditating revenge. You were talking sweet nonsense to Minnie Sunday night, while Captain M. was at church with another of your girls, and when the Captain returned you took his place. Be careful, Sam.

LITTLE Harry, who boards in the same house with the above notables is beginning to spruce up since the arrival of the new girl. Melancholly occasionally seizes him, however, as the thought flashes across his brain that some one has got the start of him in her affections.

STEPHEN W. and Charley C. intended to have started for Red River last week, but now they have got another notion. They have gone into partnership with Dan. C., and are now catching [illegible] New York. They say there is more money in bull-frogs than in Manitoba.

Napanee Notes.

OUR old stand-by Toppy Fralick has gone and the town has dropped into its usual quietness.

BILLY Davis and Billy Perry took a run up to Belleville last Monday night and report having good time with the boys.

LOTS of mash in from the country this week to see the Fair.

NAPANEE boys had better look out as a regular correspondent from here will give it to them through the CHIT CHAT.

Notes by S. A. S.

SOUR Apple Sauce is the nickname given to a wry face, red haired, freckled urchin. He received his name in early childhood from the sourness of his expression, and the love he bore apple-sauce. We shall in future designate him as Sas, the three letters being the initials of the name of his adoption. He has been very anxious to tell us news for the CHIT CHAT, and in future we will publish them.

Sas came in this morning and says: "You know that young dry-goods clerk that got married on fifty cents a day. His sister lives with him. Well, as I was going past the house I heard a racket, so I stopped and listened. The wife and sister-in-law were talking. Wife says, "I ain't going to clean up the yard." Sister-in-law, "Well, don't stand out there and tell all the neighbors." Wife, "Well I don't care whether the neighbors hear it or not, I have been married six months, and have had nothing but corn-meal, and I think its getting played out." Such is one of the sides of the well dried subject of poverty and matrimony. Sas continues, "That happened about two months ago, since then they have moved into one of the large cheap tenements. Last night he stuck his head out of the window, and yelled, "I have been married eight months, and have made the bed every night, and this is the last time I will do it."

This is the other side of the same subject.

"OLD stick in the mud," that goes to the Methodist Church fell asleep on the sidewalk. He woke up and commenced shouting, "Amen! Amen! Say on, brother." He saw a lot of us boys standing aroudd enjoying the scene, and he said, "Go away boys, I ain't drunk—I never drink." I asked "What, never?"

I WAS nearly drowned to-day. I was going up in the [illegible] F. Smith's, and some one above threw a pan of dishwater down; I heard the noise, and up I stumbled in the mud in time to receive the whole contents of the pan. Being a good swimmer, I at last reached *terra firma*. I have not made up my mind yet whether I will sue the owner of the building or not.

THE employees of the axe-factory held their "hop" in the City Hall last Monday evening. There were about fifty couples present, and all seemed to enjoy themselves well. Our reporter was there among the goodly number of shufflers, and he thought it a very good opportunity to take a few notes of what was going on. As usual, there was a number of young ladies who would only dance with "Jim's"—that is "would-be gentlemen." And if any of the "non-Jim's" would ask them for their arm, they would say, "I'm engaged," "Oh, I'm tired, I don't think I'll dance this time," &c., &c., and then looking around the hall, would catch the eye of a "would-be," and spring up with him. We seen several do it, and we don't think that those who done it can claim to have any lady-like principles about them. Mash-getting was one of the principal features of the evening—one young lady claimed to having caught seven. She carried off the *biscuit* for mashes.

"THE WORLD'S" BALLADS.

THE MATRIMONIAL AGENCY AND THE ROMANCE OF LOT NO. 10,001.

I.

It is a speculator man,
As a-down the street goes he
A guilded sign doth meet his eyne,
"Matrimonial Agency;
Ten thousand widows and maids in stock,
All Consultations Free."

II.

He has entered in at the swinging door;
"Good agent show to me
Some samples of assorted wives,
For I fain would married be."
The agent took a ledger down
And said unto him: "There
Are written the names of ten thousand dames
With black or golden hair,
But the name of the ten thousand and first
Is not as yet set down;
got her note an hour ago,
As I came through the town.
In age she is just twenty, as
Doth the family bible tell,
And she is tinted pink and white,
As is the curved sea-shell.
Than Helen Aenone she
I trow is fairer far;
You at the sparkle of her eyes
Could light a cheap cigar,
Fair as her body is her mind,—
Of fairer e'en, methirks;
As Shakespeare says, the man who shall
Her wed shall have the chinks,
The dibs, the spondulics, the browns,
The mopuses and rocks,—
She hath five million dollars, all
In gild-edged investment stocks.
She hath come here from the golden west,
Arrived but yesterday,
And ere the week is out she would
To Europe take her way.
But she would wed first one can guard
Her person and her pile,
And the husband that she says she wants
Is just about your style."

III.

"But why is this thus?" the stranger said;
"Is all upon the square?"
The agent made reply to him, "Aye;
'Tis an affaire de cour.
She loved until a week ago,
But she had her lover then,
They quarreled and parted in wrath and pride,
And ne'er shall meet again.
He hath gone to the mines of far Leadville
With a face set rigid white,
And she has flown to New York and means,
To marry out of spite.
The tickets are ta'en to cross the main,
Her trunks are all on board;
She hath bought the ring, and the only thing
She lacks is a wedded lord.
I got her letter an hour ago
Bidding me send her soon
Some husbands to inspect, for she
Would marry this afternoon."

IV.

"Where doth she live?" the stranger said,
"Where doth this maiden bide?
I feel my heart go out to her—
My as-it-were promised bride."
"I charge a twenty-dollar fee,"
The agent prompt replied;
"But if, when you have seen the dame,
You are not satisfied,
You shall have half your money back—
The other fifty per cent.
It goes to pay my office-boy,
My taxes, gas and rent.
But if the beauteous maiden should
Find favor in your sight,
And you should think it well my pay
In the matter to requite,
When that you cut the coupons off
The bonds of your sweet bride,
Lay me a dozen large ones by
And I'll be satisfied."

V.

He paid his twenty-dollar fee,
And went to see the maid;
He found her charms the agent had
Imperfectly portrayed,
She was at an up-town hotel,
Her dress was rich and handsome,
And the jewels at her throat and ears
Were worth a monarch's ransom.
She told her visitor her tale—
How she could only give
With her five millions a cold heart that
For the world had ceased to live,
But if he was willing to take her thus,
To chance a loveless life,
And if his references were good,
Next day she would be his wife.
He named a friend, with a beating heart,
While he waxed first red then pale,
And she averred she would send him word
By that same evening's mail.

VI.

Next morning at his boarding-house
A note that young man got—
In an aristocratic hand,
But with here and there a blot,
And if upon the cream-laid sheet
Had fallen a tear-drop hot,
Her lover had followed her from the west
Upon the next day's train,
And doubt and pssion had cleared away
Forever between them twain,
And they should be married at break of day,
And cross the raging main.
Oh, then that young man tore his hair
And used a big, big D
And went and got his X. at the
Matrimonial agency.
And the agent calmly said to him
With an inquiring smile,
"So you don't intend to marry her—
I suppose she's not your style?"

VII.

And still, as you go down the street,
The gilded sign you may see,
And that matrimonial agent's books
May be consulted free;
And still he tells the visitor
Of that wealthy western dame,
Who wrote so recently he hath not
On his list yet set her name;
And still the visitor pays his fee
And sees the Western maid,
And finds that all her beauties were
Imperfectly portrayed;
And ever next day he gets a note
And learns with a frenzy wild
That her lover hath followed her to New York
And they are reconciled;
And ever he getteth back half his fee,
While the agent with a smile
Remarks, "Why don't you marry her,
Do you not like her style?"

VIII.

Meanwhile the gentlemanly clerk
At the up-town hotel,
Where the agent and his wedded wife,
The western heiress, dwell,
He cannot for the life of him
Think why, ten times a day,
Young men come, dressed up to the nines,
To see that lady gay;
And why when in the drawing room
They have made a half hour's stay,
They go as men that tread on air
Exultingly away.
Nor can the [illegible]
The bell boy who, up the wearying stairs,
When her bell rings, nightly tramps,
Why every night that lady bright
Uses up ten two-cent stamps!

Who is the True Gentleman?

DEDICATED TO POLITICIANS AND DEDICATED TO THE RISING GENERATION.

(VIRGINIA (NEV.) CHRONICLE.)

"I beg your pardon," and with a smile and a touch of his hat Harry Edmond handed to an old man against whom he accidently stumbled the cane which he had knocked from his hand. "I hope I did not hurt you. We were playing too roughly."

"Not a bit!" said the old man, cheerily. "Boys will be boys, and it's best they should be. You didn't harm me."

"I glad to hear it;" and lifting his hat again Harry turned to join his playmates with whom he had been frolicking at the time of the accident.

"What do you raise your hat to that old fellow for?" [illegible] Charles Gray. "He's only Giles, the huckster."

"That makes no difference," said Harry. "The question is not whether he is a gentleman, but whether I am one."—*Moral Exchange.*

THE STORY CONTINUED (ON THE COMSTOCK).

"What kind of taffy is you givin' us?" demanded Charles Gray, with a sneer.

"It's the true racket," replied the noble boy, proudly.

"Aw, pull down yer vest," was the rude retort.

"I'm the gamest rooster of my size in the ward," cried Harry, his blue eyes flashing with honest indignation at the implied doubt cast upon his motives.

"See here, cully," said Charles Gray, thrusting his hands into his trousers pockets, spreading his legs wide apart and closing one eye, "See here, cully; give us the business. What's yer game in doin' the pretty by that old snoozer? None o' yer Sunday-school pie now, but biz—the cheese, you know. You don't think he's got any scads hid away in a sack that he'll leave you in his will, do you? P'r'aps yeh think he's long on Serrey Nevady, but yer off. He ain't worth a short bit an' he came out o' soak yisterday after bein' in for five months for petty larceny."

"Peel yer rags, Gray," hissed Harry through his teeth. "I'm on it bigger'n [illegible] ear of virtue wouldn't hold out longer than the teeth of Vice. Old Giles, observing the crowd, hastened back and quietly gathering up the jackets and hats of his young friends hobbled sadly away.

FROM EAR TO EAR.

A cool proceeding—skating.

Pickpockets only gather crowds to dispurse them.

"A lass I am no more," as the girl said when she got married.

To prevent hair from falling off—Go to the barber's and have it cut.

The Napoleonic conundrum—Does heavy cannonading produce a reign?

Saw-dust pills, says an old physician would effectually cure many of the diseases with which mankind is afflicted if ever patient would make his own saw-dust.

An Albany damsel asked one of her fellow boarders, a stylish dry-goods clerk at the breakfast-table, "Why [illegible] mustache like my back hair?" He blushingly gave it up, when the answer caused him to blush still more: "Because it's all down!"

"Mamma, can a door speak?" Certainly not, my dear." "Then why did you tell Annie this morning to answer the door?" "It is time for you to go to school, my dear."

"You are very stupid, Thomas," said a country teacher to a little boy eight years old. "You are a little donkey; and what do they do to cure them of stupidity?" "They feed them better, and kick them less," said the arch little urchin.

A Boston teacher asked a new boy who made the glorious universe, but the boy couldn't tell; so the teacher got a rawhide, and told the boy if he didn't tell he would whip him. The boy looked at the whip, and sniveled out: "Please, sir, I did, but I won't do it again!" The teacher fainted.

"Phil, my jewel," said Pat, "I'm mighty sorry you can't dine with me to-day." "Arrah, and why can't I dine with you?" said the astonished Phil. "Because, my dear," returned Pat, "I haven't asked ye as yet."

An Irish soldier, who had been abroad, being asked if he met with much hospitality where he had been, "Oh yes," replied he, "too much; I was in the hospital almost all the time I was there."

A LOST AMETHYST.

BY OLD NICK.

I do not know where I lost it;
For it slipped from a broken ring.
[illegible] away from my sight to-day,
[illegible]ing.

Or worse, since it may [illegible]
Is wearing my amethyst of price,
And the gem that was mine, with its lucent shine,
May be set in some strange device

I do not know where I lost it;
It was just as the evening burst
Through the crystalline bars of the lingering stars,
With sorrow I missed it first.

Perhaps in an opaline twilight,
Perhaps when the moonbeams lay,
With their delicate quiver o'er field and river,
And night was fairer than day.

I never dreamed half how precious
Was my beautiful amethyst to me,
Till the grief of its loss, like an aching cross,
I bore over land and sea.

You marvel? You do not divine it?
I have lost what I could not lend;
What I'll mourn while I live, for no art can give
To my heart, the lost heart of my friend.

—Belleville, Oct. 16th, 1879.

CITY CHIT CHAT

BELLEVILLE, OCTOBER 11th.

[illegible]R MORE THRASHING.

BRIDGE Street Sunday School anniversary will be held in the body of the Church, on Monday, Oct. 13th. Preparation is going on for a big time.

A BIG treat. Our Lottie, in Coleman's [illegible] the celebrated prima dona, has joined the [illegible] makes her debut on Sunday. Box, $700.

THE CHIT CHAT has a limited sale on north Front Street, as the people are constantly supplied will all news, and more too, by Mrs. B——n, Susan and the grass widow, free of cost.

MR. Wm. Bleecker is building a wall on the north side of the river near his residence. It will add much to the appearance of the bank of the river, and greatly improve his grounds.

LAST Sunday, as we were out walking, we saw five young men, we cannot call them gentlemen, sitting under a shade tree playing cards. Boys, after this leave your cards at home on Sunday.

The *City of Belleville* on Tuesday leaving the wharf broke a flange off her screw. She is laid up at Picton waiting a chance to be hauled out at Kingston. The *Armenia* is taking her place

THERE has been considerable gassing about gas going on through the columns of one of our contemporaries. We would judge from the manner in which it was carried on that they thought that if they could knock *'ell* out of *glass* they would have gas down to a pretty fine thing. Perhaps they would.

THE show last night was the tamest thing that has been presented in Belleville for months. Why, it was tamer than the CHIT CHAT was last week.

MR. G. W. Bennett has returned to the city after having been working with some of the best painters of the west, and intends carrying on business in the city. George is a very industrious young man, and we have no doubt but what he will receive a good share of the business.

IF Harry, of the Red Stocking Troupe that busted in Toronto, does not keep off the door-step on Sunday evenings, and stop slinging lip at the young ladies as they pass by, he may get his head enlarged to double its present size, for some of the boys have been watching him lately.

Do you smoke? Why don't you? You miss half the enjoyment in life. This is no concern of yours but if you did smoke you could find everything that you could desire among the new stock that Tom Lockerty has just received. We don't think that Tom need take a back seat from any Tobacconist in the Province as to variety. Call in boys and see everything that is new.

We re[illegible]ret very much that the fat Canifton could not, or rather woman [illegible] attend the surprise party would [illegible]day night at Mr L's, but last M[illegible]less we enjoyed ourselves nevertheless, and as this one was not quite splendid [illegible]zoned as she (the fat woman) could wish for. We would be very happy to see that very heavy brass watch chain flourished at the next elsewhere.

IF the boys want a good night's sport with wholesome exercise and enjoyment go to Jack Leaven's bowling alley where will be found the best set of [illegible]ds and alleys in this or any other city. This harmless, yet profitable amusement, should be indulged in by all our citizens who have time to spare from the "Lodge" nights. Jack is always there to attend to you, but won't have any loafers around. He is sure to give them the bounce.

THAT ten hours square heel and toe walking match will take place in the Metropolitan Hall on the 17th inst., for the championship of Belleville. 1st prize, silver medal and $10 cash; 2nd, $10; 3rd, $5. Entries can be made with J. Garrat up to the 13th. The entries, so far as heard from, are as follows:

Robert E. Young,	Archie Ponton,
Sid Brown,	G. Caniff,
H. E. Beasley,	Dummy White.
Richard Arnott,	F. S. Ferguson.

"DOUBLE WEDDING.—There is force in the remark that 'weddings are popular' here just now. The residence of neighbor Chilver, the popular bookbinder in the *Eagle* Building, was the scene of a double wedding this afternoon, the quartette being Mr. David Fitz Gibbon and Miss Marion A. Chilver, and Mr. Robt. Blumrich and Miss Annie Laurie Chilver. The Rev. J. Morgan Smith officiated, there was a house-full of company and the usual congratulations and gifts, with the added zest because it was a double wedding. Both couples left on a brief southern trip, in the hope of finding less torrid weather."—*Grand Rapids Daily Eagle.*

For the CITY CHIT CHAT.

MR. EDITOR:—

Those college daisies who hang out at that hash-house, on North Front Street, don't want to flirt with those young ladies driving any more. Jimmie you have got enough to do to look atfer Carrie; and George you had better attend to your *tayloring*, and Mack there is the baby for you to mind.

N. F. S.

"WHEN poverty comes in at the window love flies out at the door." The old adage contains a large amount of truth, and is one of nature's proverbs. At least it is exhibited by all animals. We saw a striking illustration of that fact the other day. A pair of birds had built their nest in a retired part of the city, and "Jess wee'd and wallowed in lub," as a colored friend of ours expresses it; but the happiness of the dear little creatures was not to be for ever, the thunder-cloud of affliction which had so long been held back made it sign in the heavens, and the storm that had been gathering came upon them in all its fury. It desolved their little mansion, and in the disorder of confusion that prevailed the poor little creatures got parted. They met afterwards, but there was a coldness in the meeting, and in discussing matters they decided that it would be better to part, as the winter was coming, and food was very scarce, and that most of the *birds* had migrated, they would soon be without the means whereby to subsist. The male *bird* said that he thought he could not provide for them both during the dreary winter and thus it is.

WE were shown by one of the officers of Prince Albert tent, K. O. T. M., their new and beautiful regalia, which arrived yesterday by express.

"POOR 'Wess.' has gone." "I might have known he was only fooling when he told me he loved me"

PEGGIE was the first person we saw at Mill Point.

"WHAT was the sexton doing with that hair-oil bottle Sunday night?

WE had the pleasure Wednesday of enjoying Col. Blood's hospitality at the Sand Banks.

PETIE, when you go to a respectible Ball it is not necessary for you to fill your pockets with stones.

JOE you didn't go at it right. Young ladies don't like to be "deared." Your wife would not like it either.

Did you see the cigarettes that have been grown under the National Policy? They are on exhibition at T. Lockerty's.

OLD Spike-tail, you had better stop "gabbing" with them two "dones." We will tell your wife if you are caught again.

MR. Wood, Provincial treasurer, and a Mr. Langmuir, Prison Inspector, went down to Picton per *City of Belleville* Tuesday.

M. P. and T. L. says they never seen such a lot of "hemlocks" as was at the "hop" last Monday evening. "Would-be's" you mean.

THAT young fellow that thinks he has got the school-teacher mashed must be luney, at least his chums Jim, Joe, and Sam thinks so. You bet.

A YOUNG long lawyer in Madoc had the pleasure of seeing a young lady (five miles) home from church. He d[illegible]n't want any more pleasure.

[illegible]as two young gentlemen, we will call them Frank and Jim, were walking up street the other evening, they met two young ladies, when Frank, turning to Jim, said, "Jim, did you hear what that girl said about me?" Jim, "No, what did she say?" Frank, "She said there goes my nobby little painter". Jim, "Well, you fool, you think because you can waltz a little that you can mash every girl on the street—you are a little too fresh, we will have to put you on ice." Frank come off.

ADAM has returned from his travels in the United States, and will now entertain those who are foolish enough to listen to him with highly colored accounts of his adventures while away. The oil regions of Pensylvania is, no doubt, a place of great exploits, but when they send a man from that region who can deecribe the wondrous ways of man in any better style than Adam can we would like to hire him by the season, and make a side show of him. It is a shame for a man of such fine proportions to lead such a life, and we hope something will turn up that will cause him to put his hands to something more honorable, and be an honor to his kind.

TOM you had better leave that patent door fastner at home. You cannot mash the girls with that, if you play with it much longer the boys will think you are off your base.

CITY CHIT CHAT.

A JOURNAL DEVOTED TO GOSSIP.

"A LITTLE NONSENSE NOW AND THEN IS RELISHED BY THE WISEST MEN."

VOL. 1. BELLEVILLE, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1879. NO. 16.

A SONG.

I know not if moonlight or starlight
Be soft on the land and the sea,
I catch but the near light, the far light,
Of eyes that are burning for me;
The scent of the night, of the roses,
May burden the air for thee, Sweet,
'Tis only the breath of thy sighing
I know, as I lie at thy feet.

The winds may be sobbing or sighing,
Their touch may be fervent or cold,
The night bells may toll or be ringing,
I care not, while thee I enfold!
The feast may go on, and the music
Be scattered in ecstasy round—
Thy whisper, "I love thee! I love thee!"
Hath flooded my soul with its sound.

I think not of time that is flying,
How short is the hour I have won,
How near is this living to dying,
How the shadow still follows the sun;
There is naught upon earth, no desire,
Worth a thought, though 'twere had by right!
I love thee! I love thee! bring nigher
Thy spirit, thy kisses, to mine!

NOT GREENFIELD.

A chill December evening, with the rain and snow forming a disagreeable sort of conglomeration on the sidewalks, the gas-lamps at the corner flickering sullenly through the mist, and the wind taking one viciously as one turned the corner. Not a pleasant evening to assume possession of a new home; but necessity knows no law and Mr. Barkdale put up his night-key into the red brick house in the middle of the block, sincerely hoping that his new landlady would have common sense enough to light a fire in the grate.

"Is it you, sir?" Mrs. Hinman quoth beamingly. "There's a good fire, and it's all right."

"All right, eh?" said the bachelor, feeling the blue tip of his frosty nose, to see whether it had escaped being frozen off entirely. "Well, I'm glad to hear that. Have the trunks come?"

"Oh, yes, sir, and the other things."

"What other things?" demanded Mr. Barkdale.

But Mrs. Hinman pursed her lips. "I wasn't to tell, sir, please."

"Rather an eccentric old lady," thought Mr. Barkdale, pushing past her to the third story front room, which he had solemnly engaged the day before.

It had been rather a dark and dingy little den by the light of the moon; but now, softened by the coral shine of a well-filled grate, it wore quite another and brighter aspect.

"Velvet paper on the walls, gilt panellings, red carpet, and Sleepy Hollow chair," thought Mr. Barkdale, glancing around. "Not so uncomfortable, after all. When I get my things unpacked it will seem quite homelike."

He set down his valise in the corner deliberately opened it, took out a pair of slippers, and invested his tired feet therein. Next he laid of his overcoat.

"Now for a cigar," thought he.

But the brown-layered weed was yet in his hand, when there was a bustle and a flutter, and a whisper, and a merry noise on the landing outside, and the door flew open, as if by magic, to admit half a dozen blooming girls.

Mr. Barkdale dropped his cigar, and retreated a step or two.

"Don't be alarmed," said the tallest [illegible] a surprise."

"A very agreeable one, I'm sure," said our friend, recovering in some degree his presence of mind.

"There's no mistake, I hope," said a yellow-dressed blonde. "Your name is not Greenfield?"

"No mistake at all, I assure you, said Mr. Barkdale. "Of course it's not Greenfield. Sit down, ladies."

And he pushed forward the Sleepy Hollow chair, a camp stool and two rheumatic reception chairs, which were all the accommodations presented by the apartment.

But, instead of accepting his courtesy the girls all fluttered out again, giggling, and in a second, before he could realize this strange condition of affairs, they were back again, bearing benches and a table-cloth, bouquets, a pyramid of macaronies, piled up plates of sandwiches, frosted cake, and a mysterious something like unto an ice-cream freezer.

The golden-tressed girl clapped her hands.

"You needn't think we are doing this for you, sir," she said.

"Oh," said Mr. Barkdale, bashfully. "I—I hadn't any such impression."

"It's all a surprise designed for Kate's cousin."

"Is it?" said Mr. Barkdale, more in the dark than ever.

"[illegible]d how do you suppose we found it all [illegible]?" demanded the tall girl with the [illegible]k eyes and scarlet feather in her [illegible]

"[illegible]ven't the least idea."

"[illegible] found your letter to Kate, and the[illegible] girls read it, and we resolved to t[illegible] you and her both by surprise. She [illegible] to be here in half an hour. Ba[illegible]—that is Barbara Morris, in the [illegible] merino dress," with a turn of her [illegible]g lashes toward the golden-hair[illegible] girl—"pretends that she has un[illegible] here, and Kate is to come and spen[illegible] e[illegible]ning with Barbara. Won't it b[illegible] joke?"

"[illegible]pendous!" said our hero, gradually [illegible]ginning to comprehend that he was [illegible]taken for some one else.

"[illegible]at will Kate say when she sees [illegible]re?" ejaculated another maid, [illegible]

"[illegible] What, indeed?" said Mr. Bar[illegible]e, wondering in what words he [illegible] explain matters.

"[illegible] shall [illegible] the other way while you are kissing [illegible] her," said Miss Barbara, demurely.

"Very considerate of you, I'm sure," observed Mr. Barkdale.

"She's the sweetest girl in New York," exclaimed the tall damsel, enthusiastically. "I am one of her dearest friends. We work our sewing machines side by side at Madame Grillard's. Has she ever written to you about Alice Moore?"

"I don't just this moment recall that she has."

"Oh, well, it doesn't matter," said Alice. "Just sit down, and be a good boy while we fix the tables. Aren't those roses beautiful? My goodness gracious, how astonished Kate will be!"

"She can't be more so than I am," said Mr. Barkdale, sinking into the Sleepy Hollow chair, and passing his handkerchief vaguely across his forehead. "Well, it's a mere matter of fate; I can't see how I am to explain myself, and yet, perhaps, I ought to explain. Ladies—"

"Hush-sh-sh-sh," cried the six pretty girls, all in a hissing chorus; "Kate's coming; Bessie has brought her. Hush-sh-sh! Don't say a word, Mr. Greenfield." The golden-haired girl's hand was clapped promptly over his mouth. Alice Moore grasped his arm spasmodically, and the other four danced a sort of bewitching little feminine war dance about him, while a seventh girl entered—a pretty Madonna faced little creature like a dove.

"Come and kiss him, Kate," cried all the others. "Now, don't be ridiculous, for we shan't take any notice. Here he is!"

"Kiss who?" cried Kate, standing still and staring around her. "Girls, what on earth do you mean?"

"You provoking thing!" said Barbara, stamping her little foot. "Do you suppose we are all fools? Why, of course we know all about him! It's Mr. Greenfield—your cousin, Kate—the young M. D."

"Where?"

"Why, here!"

"Nothing of the sort!" said Kate, demurely.

Our hero stood up, feeling himself growing uncomfortably warm and red.

"Ladies," said he, "there's some mistake here. I said at the outset that my name was not Greenfield."

"There!" echoed Kate, [illegible] stay.

"Didn't we tell you?" cri[illegible] girls.

"Didn't *I* tell you?" retorted Kate. "Be kind enough to let us know what your name is, sir?"

"Cephas Barkdale," said the wretched victim of a misunderstanding.

"But," said Miss Moore, "you said it was Nott Greenfield."

"Of course I did!" said the puzzled bachelor. "It isn't Greenfield, and never will be unless I have it changed by Act of Parliament."

"Oh-h!" cried the girls. "Dear, dear, to be sure! And we thought you were Kate's lover—and his name is N-o-double-t—Nott Greenfield."

"Do hold your tongues, you ridiculous things," said Kate, half vexed, half laughing. "What must Mr. Barkdale think of us?"

"I think you are very nice," he said gallantly.

Miss Barbara in the meantime had taken a slip of paper out of her pocket. She uttered a hysterical shriek.

"It's all my fault!" she exclaimed. "It was No. 39 instead of No. 36—and the tail of the horrid figure turned the wrong end up—that's all. And the cake and the flowers and everything!"

"Stop ladies, if you please," said

Mr. Barkdale courteously. "Because the surprise has come to the wrong place is no reason why the right person should not enjoy it. Allow me to give up is room to your use this evening. will just step across the street and send Mr. Nott Greenfield over.'

"But you must return with him," said the girls.

And Mr. Barkdale was not allowed to depart until he had promised.

Mr. Nott Greenfield—a good-looking medical student—who had the "sky parlor" directly opposite—came promptly on mention of the name of Kate Kellford, and did in the polite thing in introducing Mr. Barkdale; and Mr. Barkdale ate of the sandwiches, and enjoyed the cake and cream, and coaxed Miss Barbara to pin a little pink rose-bud in the buttonhole of his coat, and enjoyed himself prodigiously.

"I'd like to be surprised like this every night in the year!" said he.

"Oh, you greedy creature!" said Miss Barbara.

"But there was one time I seriously meditated throwing myself out of the window," said he, "when you told me I was to kiss Kate.

"Dear, dear," said Barbara, ironically; "that would have been dreadful, wouldn't it?"

"I dare say you never kissed a pretty girl!" pouted the blonde.

"I never did," said the bachelor, growing bold; "but I will now if you say so."

"But I don't say so," said Barbara, coloring and laughing. "Behave yourself, sir."

Mr. Barkdale went home with the fair Barbara, and they grew to be very great friends, and—where's the use of trying to conceal how it ended? They were married at the year's end, with all the surprisers as bridesmaids, Kate Kellford included. Mr. Nott Greenfield proposes to follow the example soon.

La Creme Des Chroniques.

WHAT THE ALLEGED WITS OF PARIS FIND TO SAY IN THEIR NEWSPAPERS.

I. A gentleman irreproachably dressed goes into a confectioner's store and says to the gentlemanly confectioner, "I want a hundred and fifty of the nicest cream-tarts you can make."

"A hundred and fifty! That is a pretty large order; do you want them at once?"

"Within three hours at the latest."

"I can have them ready in that time. Ahem! It is customary to ask deposit on such orders—say in francs."

"Certainly, my friend. Here are your 10 francs."

II.—About two hours later a gentleman irreproachably dressed goes into a tailor's shop across the way from the pastry-cook's and asks to be shown some overcoats. He selects one of the nicest and asks the price.

"One hundred and twenty-five francs, sir."

"Very well. I will take it. I have some money to collect at the confectioner's across the way. I presume you have no objection to letting one of your young men come over with me to get it."

"Certainly not. A worthy man is my friend, Mr. Puff."

III.—To confectioner enter irreproachably dressed gentleman now wearing an overcoat and tailor's young man. The confectioner greets the former with the respectful friendliness due to a good customer.

"Ah, Puff, I've called 'round for that 150. You promised to have them for me at 2:30."

"You shall have them in five minutes, sir."

"Very well, I have to go round the corner to see a man. You will give this young gentleman 125 of the 150. I will return and get the remainder."

"With pleasure, sir."

IV.—Five minutes later the confectioner gives the tailor's young man 125 cream-tarts—and a bill for balance thereon 21 francs 25 centimes.

One minute thereafter a confectioner and a tailor's young man are scouring the neighborhood in search of an irreproachably dressed gentleman with a new overcoat, whom the great city, with its ceaseless bustle and confusion has swallowed up as a yellow dog swallows an oyster-cracker.

CITY CHIT CHAT.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29th.

THE Baptist oyster social was a grand success as far as enjoyment is concerned, everyone went in for a "free-and-easy" good time, and go-as-you-please was the order of the evening. The first part of the programme was got away with in fine style—yes, the oysters were got away with, not square heel and toe, but any way as long as you covered the groun—no, oysters. What noble and self-sacrificing souls sprang into notice, noble—grand—yes, immense—immense as regards capacity for hididg the satisfier of the inner man. Noble and self-sacrificing in that they would rather run the risk of a wakeful night, or the visit of the nightmare in their dreams, rather than have the smallest particle that was devoted to a good cause spoil, decay or be wasted. With what yearning and longing desire did the ever hungry youth wait for a sniff of the savory morsel, and when the sniff had been obtained did his yearning and longing desire stretch into intense anxiety, and when the people in the front seats were served, how persistently did his "teeth water," and his mouth give utterance to a wolf-like wail pronouncing "soup" till the time came when his anticipation was transposed to participation. What wisdom and economy did those young barristers dispiay in going to a front seat. Time is money. We can't say what their calibre is as we were not at Mrs. Richardson's later on in the evening. When the inner man seemed satisfied, Mr. Ritchie was called to the chair. He didn't say he thonght it was a barber's chair he sat on, or else he had been to a barber's shop for constantly after one selection was rendered he would call "The next." Music was the chief component of the entertainment part of the social, and well it might be with all the charms that it possessed, as conceived by the singers of the evening. Mr. Worth—no he didn't strike a "bonanza"—he read about the "Vanana"—no, Zanani very nice address, stating that the evening's enjoyment we owed to the ladies, and many a pleasant evening we owed to them. (He appeared to speak as on one having knowledge of the fact.) And it seemed the part that women took was philantrophic when there was any good to be done then she would be found, &c., &c. Rev. Mr. McLean when called on said that it was all very well for Mr. Cossar to "go on" in that way but he was a bachelor, and hadn't very much experience, but that he (Mr. McLean) wouldn't say much as he might convict himself. He said he was delighted to see so many peaple enjoying themselves. He thought that the only people who really enjoyed themselves were the people who had one end, and always kept that in view. Mr. Turnbull read a beautiful poem, entitled The Last Hymn, with great effect. The only point of complaint was non-attention.

A "skipper" who is a nauty—but not a nautical man. We always supposed that a skipper was a nautical man, many have always thought so, but they have labored under a delusion. Let us draw the veil and "bust" the bubble. Let us define a skipper. A skipper is one who skips. Another, a skipper if one who commands a small vessel, also, a skipper is a small—("Oh! cheese it," from the pit, "We know." It appears that the skipper wanted to show his expertness in handling a canoe, and when near the centre of Sandy Lake and upset the business. The spectators, although convulsed with laughter, went to his aid as soon as possible. When he arrived on shore he had the pleasure of a race against time to a neighboring dwelling house. He was warmly welcomed and sent home in some of the old man's clother. Skipper don't care for canoes any more.

THE Hotel *attachees* Ball, which came off on Tuesday night, was a grand success. There were about fifty couples present, and all seemed to enjoy themselves well. The "Jims" were very conspicuous by their absence. At about 12 o'clock intermission was announced, then there was a general rush of partners for supper, which was served in grand style at the Lorne Restaurant. Too much credit cannot be given to the *attachees* on this their first ball, which was one of the most enjoyable ever held here. The sound of music was heard until four o'clock when there was a rush for the dressing-room, and to see them leaving the hall it reminded one that it was the finish of a ten hour go-as-you-please pedestrian match—blistered feet, "swelled heads," &c.

Answers to Correspondents.

DEAR EDITOR:—

My young man asked me to go to the Military Ball. I have never been to a ball. What kind of people go? I would rather not go. How shall I arrange the matter?

MARIA.

You hadn't better begin now—he will think more of you than ever if you decline. Ladies don't very often go to public dances.

DEAR EDITOR:—

I have never shaved——

Liqurice. Give us a rest.

DEAR EDITOR:—

Can I become a competent book-keeper by attending night-school this winter.

BIZ.

If you have any business tact you can get a good idea of book-keeping, and practice will perfect you.

DEAR EDITOR:—

I am in love with a young lady. She is about to be married to another. I love her as my life.

OLONZO.

Strike for Manitoba and starve.

DEAR EDITOR:—

Is the CHIT CHAT to be published all the year round?

MAGGIE.

It is, my dear.

THAT gallant warrior will now allow young ladies to pass without insulting them. After his experience with Jim he thinks its the healthiest plan.

TRAVELLERS' GUIDE.

GOING WEST.

Local	4: a. m.
No. 4 Express	6:42 a. m.
Mixed	12:05 a. m.
No. 2 Express	6:15 p. m.

GOING EAST.

No. 1 Express	12:10 p. m.
Mixed	7:15 p. m.
No. 3 Express	12:40 p. m.

CITY CHIT CHAT.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29th.

WHAT'S GOING ON.

READ our "Oswego letter" in this issue.

How is the beauty and Zulu getting along.

THE Grand Trunk time table is changed.

PAT has gone to be Love's fireman at Hastings.

WHAT do you think of the tonsorial slashes on our face?

A. LOOK out. Jock is down among the lager again.

DON'T frighten Jim or he will get cramps. I am dying.

CAN any of our readers favor us with poetry of the "Actor's Last Night."

GINGER George presented a beautiful depot when Big Bill got through with him.

WILL need not go up without he has lots of sand. At least Jim Long says so.

TOM, of the ——— House, is going to get a new overcoat as soon as he gets a raise.

THOMAS, my boy, you will have to look sharp or you will lose "Oswego" after all.

"OUR Joe" was fooled last Friday evening. He did not get out with the key in time.

CHARLEY the hair, and Charley the hairless, is the way the boys address them now.

MONDAY is St. Andrew's Day. Sermon in St. Andrew's Church; dinner at the Dafoe.

THE Mechanics' Institute has at last taken up their new quarters in Robertson's Block.

A number of our young men propose having a walking match to Napanee and return.

OUR Chip's hair is not curled as artistically as it used to be. Times are not as good with Charlie.

GILL says one of our prominent booksellers is like the new edition of Byron—well bound in rubber.

CHARLIE, the pedestrian of E. R. fame, wants to look out and visit the depot less or he may get married.

FORD has received a great number of Christmas cards. Many new designs have made their appearence this year.

BAJUS' lager is now regarded ahead of any manufactured in Canada, and equal to to any manufactured elsewhere.

H. calculates on doing a rushing business when he gets the grocery. We think he will, too, he's such a little dear.

OUR old friend Tim is in the city. It is pleasant to see his beaming countenance and his "blushing head" once more.

JIM wants to study the Commandments better before he ventures anything on them again. His early Sunday School training must have been sadly neglected.

HAPPENING to remark that we were hard up for story matter, a friend rejoined that we had better take some out of the Bible as they would be fresh to most of our readers.

ST. CATHARINE'S Day is a day of feasting in Canada, says one of our contemporarics. It may be, but this is Canada, and we never heard of it.

MESSRS. F. L. Brook, F. H. Phippen and John Drewry were successful at their examinations at Osgoode Hall, taking their first step on the slippery path of law.

THE bowling alley under its new proprietor seems to be doing well and often used, if we may judge from dropping in the other night and watching a few games. Jack means biz.

MENAGERIE was "off his base" Thursday night, and was going to kill people. "They're trying to make a sideshow out of me," was one of his expressions, but he danced the "highland fling" to perfection in his sock-feet.

A REPORT seems to have crept around that no one could avail themselves of the gymnasiam without wearing a suit of tights. This is unfounded. There is no such rule, but no one can use the trapeze without slippers.

PIPER has been trying some more of his dirty work again. He let the Superintendent know that he was a conductor, engineer, brakesman, in fact a thorough railroad man, and that he could fill Pat's position to far better advantage to the company.

THERE is a by-law in this city to prevent profanety, and should be forced in the case of a couple of little boys, not too big to be spanked, who were on a drunk yesterday, and was swaggering up and down Campbell Street, and violating the Forth Commandment.

MIKE has passed an enormous crisis of his life. We hope it will be the opening up to a most joyous future. We wondered what the matter was when we saw him and "Kaizer" whizzing down street, under capacious beavers.

THERE is one young lady on——— Street whom we would term a flirt. On a recent evening she entertained Bob from 7 until 8 o'clock, when she sent him home, and a few minutes after was joined by Harry, who she entertained for an hour and then sacked. Last of all came George, who is sure he is the man round there, and we guess he is for the dear creature did not kiss him good-night until 11. New Bob and Harry need not put a head on George.

THE hostess of a luminary inn in the northern part of this county made her appearance about three o'clock in the morning to admit some "drummers" who had been belated on the road, and hearing a noise in the kitchen went in to see what was the matter. She didn't see anyone but one of the girls, but she heard some one ascending the stairs at at "thirty-six strokes to the second." She followed on in his wake, and hearing him in a room asked "who is there?" The answer came in a muffled voice, "Nobody." But the boys have a sneaking suspicion that the tremulous voice that issued from under the bed belonged to no less a person than George, the dashing rail-road man.

FOR

CHEAP

PRINTING

GO TO

THE CITY CHIT CHAT

OFFICE

F. W. HYNES,
Proprietor.

For the CITY CHIT CHAT.

OSWEGO, Nov. 24th, 1879.

DEAR SIR:—Your first number caused quite a commotion among the Belleville boys here, and many of them trembled least they should have to suffer a heavy racket. However, you have been good enough to let them off they are thankful to you. My object in writing you is to let you know how the boys are getting along here, and find out from you how all the old boys and girls in Belleville are. Jim M., the "shutter man," is in a leading dry goods house here, and has developed into a huge swell. He now sports an eye-glass, gold-headed cane, and a pair of Dundreary's. He is paying particular attention to a wealthy widow, and if matters end satisfactorily, will fall into a snug berth. J. J. H. and Little Harry are employed in the same house as Jim, and sport themselves quite freely, though they are not near as heavy cards as the latter among the ladies. The former is interested in tinsmithing on 1st Street, and the latter is gone on the West side.

TOM. O. H., the jolliest boy in the class, does not trouble himself about the ladies at all. However, the ladies pay up for this by troubling themselves a good deal about Tom, but all to no purpose, as he don't care a rap for any of them. His heart is down in Napanee, and there its bound to stay.

ED and Jake, of the Ontario, are working on the west side and are doing well. Now, as I have told you of all the boys here I want you to give me a little Belleville news: Is Fred in F. X's yet, and does he still smile on "*le bon citron.*"

What are George, Ed, Pete, and all the old hands doing? By the way, I see that one of the students has been complaining of the paragraph you devoted to him. Who is he? I should judge him to be one of those backwood gentry with hair on his teeth, and hayseeds in his hair, a rat-poison peddler, or something of that sort who now wishes to develop into an M. D., and I guess my judgment is about right. Has George "shot the hat" or is he still wearing it. Let me know this and all the rest of the news. You will hear further from me soon. Till then,

I remain, yours,
H. D.

In answer to H. D., we may state that F. is still there, bnt has lost *le bon citron.* Pete is at his old trade shaving lumber, while George and Ed have both went west. We admire our correspondent's judgment in the matter of the backwood's man, and George has shot the hat. Thus all his inquiries are answered in a few words. We shall be pleased to hear from him again.

WHEN THE GEESE COME HOME.

As the solemn hour of twilight falls
On kitchen, garden and dead brick walls,
And the elevatnd trains half stop
For men from the office and girls from the shop
I watch the geese in Indian file,
Wobbling homeward, cackling the while,
And hissing loud at the passer-by
Or the clothes on the lines hung out to dry.

And then to myself I says, says I,
As I watch the growing green of the sky,
And the dim horizon of dusty road,
And the rag-picker struggling on with his load:
"Oh, why do the geese make their painful way
To that tumble-down shed at the close of the day?
Why does the soul like the long day gloam
At the simple words 'when the geese come home'?"

And then I think, till my heart doth ache,
Of the sobbing child and his sugar-cake
That the geese have robbed, as in baby-play
He took them for angels and stopped their way.
I think of the yellow curls in the dust,
The little flat feet in the air up-thrust,
And the song of the geese with new harsh notes
Because of the crumbs that filled their throats.

And again I think that at early dawn,
When the geese shall welcome the coming morn,
And the milkman shall stop at the corner pump
And [illegible] rattle that makes me jump,
I shall wake from dreams of another day,
Of hoeing potatoes and raking hay—
Of days when the geese to the pond would roam,
And I, with a stick, would drive them home.

I dream of the school-house under the hill,
Of the birchen rod that was never still;
Of the little girl all smiles and tears,
And a genius for flirting beyond her years;
Of the narrow bridge and the noisy flock
Of geese that hissed her and tore her frock;
And I think to myself, thinks I, "Well, there!
In those childish hours I could not swear."

Alas! for the geese, and alas! for the girl,
With their scarlet feet and her scarlet curl;
The geese have been eaten for years, I trow,
And the girl is a mother of ten I know.
But I am still young as I e're shall be;
No wife can wither or bankrupt me.
I float on the spatter of free life's foam
And smile at the time when the geese came home.

You Can Never Get Ahead of Chicago.

We have it on the authority of the Chicago *Tribune* that you can never get ahead of Chicago, and the statement is thus substantiated: A young man of this city had long paid attention to one of the fairest daughters of Cleveland, now visiting here, and had been engaged to her, when suddenly, for some reason or other, she concluded to marry some one else. The unsuspicious young man went to call on her at her aunt's house on Calumet avenue last week, and as she drew back her ruby lips when he prepared to greet her with a loving kiss, he at once thought there was something up, and glancing at her again he noticed that she wore none of his gifts, which he conjectured were in an ominous looking parcel on the sofa. This conjecture was subsequently proved to be correct.

"Mr. So-and-so," she said—she had been want to addresss him as "Augustus" and "darling"—"Mr. So-and-so, I have consulted my heart seriously and discovered what I often suspected—that we are not fitted to make each other happy. It is better that we should part—our engagement is at an end."

Her words sank into him like blue pills, and he felt a deadly tugging at his heart-strings, but he instantly composed himself and settled upon a plan of action. Bounding joyfully from his chair, he danced lightly around the room shouting: "Hurrah! You're the bulliest girl in the universe. I feel as though the whole Palmer House had been lifted from my manly bosom."

The beautiful girl gazed at him for a moment as if she thought he had bidden a long farewell to his gray brain-matter and said [illegible]

"What does this mean?"

"Mean!" cried the young man walking on his hands up and down the sumptuous drawing-room; "It means I'm free. I've been trying to muster up courage to ask you for two weeks past to cancel our engagement—but I couldn't—it would have been going back on my word, and besides, I knew that husbands at this period of commercial depression were hard to get."

"Sir-r-r!" said she glaring at him like a tiger cat, "your presents are all in this package. Take them and return me mine. This must be brought to an end."

"I'll send you all of 'm I can find, but I guess our cook carried off your Tennyson with the marked passages in it—I lent it to her—and some of your locks of hair and pressed rosebuds and things, I burned when I was cleaning up my room the other day, and as for your ring, I don't think Cora will give it to me."

"And pray, who may this creature 'Cora' be? Is she the cook at your boarding-house?"

"O, bless you, no—she's the girl I'm in love with, and that I'm going to propose this very evening, as soon as you give me that package of presents and let me go. I hope you didn't forget to put in the diamond earrings I gave you. I'll give them to her and be $100 ahead.

The beautiful Cleveland's girls cheeks glowed so that you could have lighted a match at them if you weren't afraid of having your fingers burned by the glare in her eyes.

"Tell me about this 'Cora' of yours. Is she good-looking?"

"Good-looking!" said the young man, excitedly; "hold on till I show you her picture;" and he searched eagerly in his pocket. "No, I must haxe left in my other coat. Well, she's a beauty. I used to think you were pretty fair looking, but you—. Hair so long that she steps on it when it is left down, and she tries to walk; eyes that make you feel as if you were getting back a ten dollar bill you had never expected to see again; a waist very much like yours, only much smaller, and as for her feet—why you couldn't put more than 40 per cent. of your toes into into one of her boots. Well, good night, Miss Whats-your-name, I told her I'd be around to-night if I could. I'll trouble you for that package."

"Augustus So-and-so," she hissed in a low, concentrated tone, putting the package of presents away under her chair, "If you go out of this house before 1 o'clock to-morrow morning I'll scream. And I want you to understand that our engagement is to hold, and if you don't marry me by the first day of November, which will be as soon as I can get my trousseau ready, I'll sue you for breach of promise, laying the damages at $500,000; and I've got letters from you that'll make the jury find for the plaintiff without leaving the box. And if ever you name that wretched creature's name to me again the longest day you live, I'll shoot you and scratch her eyes out—so, there! I don't care for you one bit, but I'm going to marry you out of spite."

She hurled herself into his arms like a whirlwind and sobbed upon his shoulder. He smoothed her hair and called her a large and varied assortment of pet names, and observing his image in the glass over the mantelpiece, winked at it rapturously.

They are to be married on Christmas night.

You can never get ahead of Chicago.

Valises that Look Alike.

HOW HE PROVED THAT HIS'N WASN'T HER'N.

If the trunk manufacturers do not quit making so many thousands of valises exactly alike, somebody is going to get into some awful trouble about it sometime, and some trunk maker will be sued for damages enough t build a court house.

The other day an omnibus full of passengers drove up town from the Union depot. Side by side sat a commercial traveller, named Wm. Macaby, and Mrs. Winnie C. Dumbleton, the eminent lady temperance lecturer. When the omnibus reached the Barret House the commercial missionary seized his valises and started out. The lady made a grab after him and he halted.

"I beg your pardon," she said, "but you have my valise."

"You are certainly mistaken, madam," the traveller said, courteously but firmly, "this is mine."

"No sir!" the lady replied, "it is mine. I would know it among a thousand. You must not take it."

But the traveller persisted and the lady insisted, and they came very near quarreling. Presently one of the passengers pointed to a twin valise in the omnibus and asked:—

"Whose is that?"

"It isn't mine," said the traveller; "it is just like it, but this is mine."

"And it isn't mine," said the lady; "he has mine and I'll have it or I'll have the law on him. It's a pity if a lady can't travel alone in this country without being robbed of her property in broad daylight."

Finally the traveller said he would open the valise to prove his property. The lady objected at first, saying she did not want her valise opened in the presence of strangers. But as there was no other means of setting the dispute she at length consenttd. The traveller sprung the lock, opened the valise, and the curious crowd bent forward to see.

On the very top of everything lay a big flat flask, half-full of whiskey, a deck of cards, and one or two other things that nobody knows the name of.

The traveller was the first to recover his self-possession and speech.

"Madam," he said, "you are right. The valise is yours. I owe you a thousand apolo—"

But the lady had fainted, and the traveller relocked the valise wish a quiet smile. Early in the afternoon a sign painter down town received a note—a feminine hand, asking him to come to the Barret House to mark a red leather valise in black letters, a foot and a half long.

A leading journal of St. Petersburg has gone so far in its animosity to Germany as to hint that the Emperor William visited the Czar as a spy, as he was only desirous of judging for himself as to the condition of the Russian army.